VOL. 14 NO. 349 JUNE 23. 1888. PRICE 10 CENTS.

Judge

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THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF CAMPAIGN

UNCLE SAM.—"This will be a great blow at the Democracy."

PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK.

President - - - W. J. ARKELL
Art Department - - BERNHARD GILLAM
Editor - - - - - I. M. GREGORY

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UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.

One copy, one year, or 52 numbers, . $4.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers, . 2.00
One copy, for 13 weeks, ... 1.00
Single copies, 10 cents each.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS—To all foreign countries in the postal union, $5 a year.

THE JUDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY (POTTER BUILDING), Park Row, New York.

We guarantee advertisers a larger circulation at cheaper rates than any other American satirical paper published.
The JUDGE *is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de L'Opera, Paris.*

OUR HUCKLEBERRY—Allen Granbery.

* * *

'RAH FOR THURMAN!

P. S.—And, by the way, Mr. Cleveland too.—*Democratic press.*

* * *

THE RED WIPER represents a sentiment. The Republican state of Ohio represents a solid fact.

* * *

PUT NEW YORK, Indiana, New Jersey and Connecticut in the Republican column this year. That is a situation that the bloody handkerchief can't wipe out.

* * *

MR. THURMAN is seventy-five years old. They'll resurrect Andrew Jackson next.

* * *

NOW KEEP your trust in the push and go of the Buckeye boys of the Ohio.

* * *

WE ARE reminded to remark that the Cleveland cake at St. Louis was all Dougherty.

* * *

A WILD SHOT—If it might be Blaine and Sherman then good-bye Messrs. Cleveland and Thurman.

* * *

LET THIS be a decorous campaign. Let nobody say of Uncle Thurman that somebody has to cut his victuals for him.

* * *

A CONTRIBUTOR remarks that Depew will "run like the very old Harrison." Likewise with that gentlemen, perhaps, dear boy.

* * *

IT WILL be found directly that Mr. Thurman's handkerchief has drawn a bull into the Democratic china-shop.

* * *

IT DOESN'T necessarily follow, if a Democrat carries a red bandana, that he is up to snuff.

* * *

THERE WAS one man who might have suited Mr. G. W. Curtis, but he's been dead about eighteen hundred years.

* * *

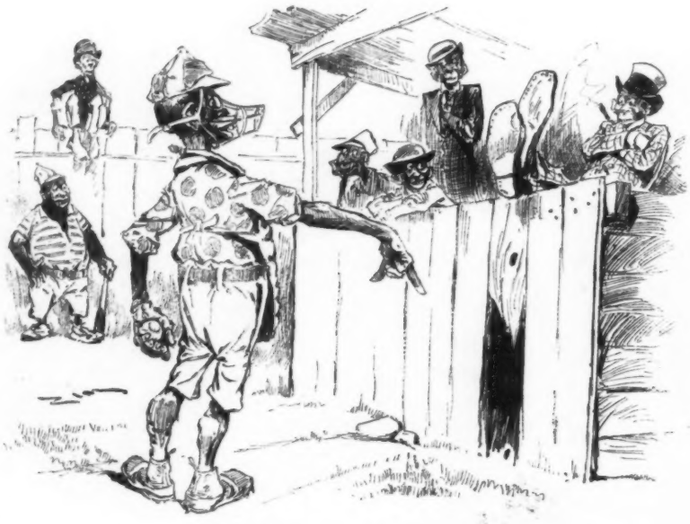
MR. BLAINE will be in this canvass from its beginning to its end; and where the MacGregor sits that is the head of the table.

* * *

CONSOLATION for Democrats—When you get tired of being silent for Cleveland you can relieve yourselves by shouting for Thurman.

* * *

THE COMING MAN of Amelie Rives has won a victory over the man who was; but it is only fair to state that the latter was dreadfully handicapped.



BASEBALL IN DARKTOWN.

CATCHER OF LOCAL NINE—"Say dare, yo' Mr. Smiff! won't yo' oblige us by jist plugging up dat hole in de back stop wif one ob your feet?"

THE NEXT BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS.

THE DEMOCRATIC ratification gathering that two weeks ago shook from its feet the dust of St. Louis and wiped its satisfied lips with an English bandana was a very personal and pyrotechnic affair. The Cleveland balloon, bulbous with the inflation of Mills, Watterson and Scott, rose with its Thurman ballast and flag amid the shouts of an official federal army and the fire-works of free trade.

The American workingman, shading his eyes with ungloved hand, looked upon the purchased blaze with dismay, while Europe, glancing along the cable, responded with a satisfied greeting to the prophetic conflagration that promised help to their, and destruction to our, domestic industries.

A congress of earnest and patriotic men again meet in the city that twenty-eight years ago selected Lincoln from among his brethren to be the savior of his country, and purpose to write with Republican hands another declaration of independence for the United States.

The fires of sectionalism have died out—even its embers have grown cold. The states north and south, so long simply in repellent contact, the Republican party purposes to fuse into one people by the welding of a common interest. The contention between the two civilizations ended at Appomattox. The struggle between a European and an American policy begins to-day. This nation cannot exist part protection and part free trade, any more than it could live half free and half slave. The Republican party looks to this representative council to formulate a policy of patriotism, justice and honor.

It looks to it to relieve the redundancy of the treasury by the abolition of all revenue tax, leaving to the states the imposition of an equal duty to that abolished, and so lighten the burden of local taxation on every city, village, home and farm.

It looks to it to make capacity and merit, not simple political adhesion, the claim to responsible place.

It looks to it for a tariff policy so fair and honest in its revision that it will help rather than hurt any American industry—admitting absolutely free all that is uncreatable in our factories and not native to our soil; protecting the farmer east or west with the same impartial hand that Democracy uses to selfishly shelter the rice levels of the Carolinas and the sugar and tobacco fields of the south.

It looks to it to restrain that tide of pauperism that is flooding and making fœtid our shores; and it says that, having opened the gates wide, with promise of wage and home, to the honest toiler of other as well as our own lands, we should not withdraw the hand that offered bread and substitute a stone.

It looks to it to take such measures for general education that the shield of a common intelligence may cover the suffrage of the citizen.

It should and will emphasize the national gratitude to the broken and helpless veterans who left their young vigor on the fields of the rebellion they so richly won.

It looks to it to formulate a platform so strong and broad that on it south and west, east and north can stand. It then matters little whose fingers—so they be true ones—handle the halyards to run up the flag. Another Lincoln may replace a Seward, another leader take the place of Blaine. J. A.

SPEAKING of an old man, a contemporary says, "He saw Washington." These statements are too frequent. Presently it will be followed by the sub-heading "He raised him."

* * *

IT IS a clear day. The air is refreshing and the mails arrive and go with the utmost regularity. Yet we hear of no order to federal officials to attend to business and let politics alone.

* * *

ONE DEMOCRAT says with great enthusiasm, "The Democratic party will now get up on its hind legs." "Yes," says another, waving a red bandana; "it must—it must; those are all it appears to have."

* * *

GOVERNOR HILL is prettier than he was; but the old air of confidence that lighted his countenance has run to the back of his ears and left a sad, sweet expression of perplexity and patience that physiognomists interpret as the "I-would-like-to-if-you-will-kindly-let-me."

AMATEUR ARCHERY.

TARGET-KEEPER (*who has been doing some good dodging until the last shot*)—"If one of you gents 'll please take me an' this fence apart, I'd like to change positions with the target."

NOT MUCH ENCOURAGEMENT.

Pater—"Well, Charles, what conclusion have you arrived at in regard to business?"

Graduate—"I haven't thought of anything seriously, father, only I have made up my mind to be the architect of my own fortune."

Pater—"Humph! It seems to me as though, with your education, you might do better than build air-castles. Guess I'll put you in the leather business."

"Talking is cheap," they say;
That's not so clear.
Just hire a lawyer
And you'll find it dear.

AN INDIGNANT HUSBAND.

Mrs. Mazulm—"Bridget, my husband says you have been sweeping our room."

Bridget—"The land shave us! That Oi should be ackuseded av sooch a ting! No, ma'am."

Mrs. Mazulm—"Well, Mr. Mazulm was very indignant this morning. He had to walk with baby last night, and, do you believe it, he didn't get a single tack stuck in his foot. Bridget, I'm afraid you have swept that room."

A PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.

Chauncey and James and other names
Prefixed to patronymics great
Now fill the air, while friends declare
That each could sweep a doubtful state.
Both parties claim much in a name,
But campaign plans sometimes lack pith.
To rouse this land from mount to strand
Let some one put up Jones and Smith.

A QUESTION OF TASTE.

A little girl was walking along the street with her mother; and noticing a negro woman wheeling a white baby in a carriage, said:

"Mamma, is that baby that woman's child?"

"Why, no, I guess not. Why do you ask?"

"Well, if it is hers I think she has dreadful poor taste. Why don't she get a baby to match?"

Who brags of ancestors condemn;
Don't envy him, but pity them.

PERHAPS HE ISN'T HANDSOME.

"Say, John, do you believe in luck?"

"I should say I did! This is leap year and not a single girl has proposed to me!"

THE AMERICAN VERSION.

German professor—"In the old country one of our common proverbs is 'If I rest I rust.'"

Young Mr. Ticker—"Well, we have pretty nearly the same thing here. 'If I trust I bust' is our version."

A LITTLE ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION.

In a restaurant.

"Waiter, a bottle of Madeira."

"All right, sir."

After an interval.

"Waiter, I asked you for a bottle of Madeira ten minutes ago."

The waiter, his napkin under his arm, draws himself up, and remarks with great dignity:

"I see, sir, that you are not a connoy-sheur, sir. I made you wait on purpose, sir, for every connoy-sheur knows, sir, the older Madeira is the better it is, sir."

DISLIKED JUMPING INTO SOCIETY.

MISS EVERLED—"Of course you are going to attend our hop to-night, Count Le Prohon?"

COUNT LE PROHON (*reading surreptitiously from his phrase-book*)—"'Hop: a leap on ze one leg.' Pardong, mam'zelle; I would eet be afraid to do wizout some, vat you call, *practeese!*"

"O, see that sign! 'Tis German text;
There are I and C, and what comes next?
Why—why, it is Ice Cream!" cried she.
"But that is dangerous now," said he;
"I'm not a coward, dear," purred she.

CONDITIONAL.

Jacob Levi, jr.—"Baba, I vants den cents."

Jacob Levi, sr.—"Vat for, mine son?"

Jacob Levi, jr.—"I vants to puy a tog."

Jacob Levi, sr.—"Mine son, I gifs you den cents ofe you vill puy a paseball. Rememper, mine son, a tog eats."

A VERY GOOD REASON INDEED.

"Say, Bob, do yer know why de folks calls me Jim?"

"Naw. Why?"

"'Cause dat's me name."

HUM OF THE COURT.

JOHN COWARD has carried his name fifty years; so that, after all, he is a brave man.

THERE ARE no bricks in Connecticut. At least it is said that there is a parrot there more than sixty years old.

B. LOCKWOOD is mentioned as a woman of the future. We had supposed her to be very largely one of the past.

MRS. CLEVELAND is said to have never seen a horse-race; but we are happy to say that in other respects her education is pretty good.

A WOMAN of Georgia lived forty years with her husband and never once asked for money. We suppose she was deaf and dumb and didn't know how to write.

JAY GOULD is the only man in this country who cannot have a comfortable sickness, and that fact robs him of a privilege that no wise man would sell for a fortune.

WE SUSPECT THAT Mr. John L. Sullivan has lost his power, so that anybody may kick him with perfect safety. Will some other gentleman kindly try the experiment?

ON THE ROCKAWAY SANDS.

MR. MEADOW BROOKS—"Why, Clarence, old boy, I've been looking everywhere for you. You've been away from the piazza for three hours."

MR. MICKASKEL—"Oh! Dicky, you really don't know! While I was in the watah some horrid thief came into the bathing-house and stole me necktie, and I've been confined heah ever since."

A CONDEMNED murderer says pathetically, "If have to die I will try and do it like a Christian." If he had tried to murder in that way he wouldn't have to die until his regular time came.

THE WIRES will probably never go underground. By the time their proprietors amiably conclude to put them there they will have buried so much of the population that there won't be enough left to do the business.

WE CANNOT believe the statement that an Alabama woman has two tongues. A girl baby might be thus situated, but she would talk herself to death before she was half weaned.

EMPEROR FREDERICK is a democrat in his theories and a king in his enunciation of them. These are opposites which I do not love, and therefore I shall have to resign.—*O. Bismarck.*

GENTLEMEN are requested to wear bathing-suits that will conceal their identity. Of course it is unnecessary to say this thing to women—their modesty preserves them from indecorous exhibition anyhow.

THAT ENTHUSIASM of the Albany *Times* which puts up Cleveland as the lieutenant of Allen G. Thurman makes the red bandana the superior of the nose it was created to wipe, and that's treason of the most wiperous kind.

THE EDITOR of the New York *Sun* tried to get up an issue as to the climate of Kamschatka which would beat Mr. Cleveland in the national convention. It reminded one of the effort of the usually quiescent oyster to reach from its bed into the upper air and pull the feathers from the tail of some soaring bird.

IT IS CURIOUS that while at this season everybody has a large catch of fish there is not the slightest fish to fry.

"THE BOSTON GIRL," says the New Orleans *Picayune*, "never gets left." Very well; what is it she wants—centre-field?

THE AGRICULTURAL STORY is getting very large. They are telling of a tomato-vine sixteen feet in depth of circumference that bore five bushels of oats.

IT DOES shake one's faith in the innocence and beauty of human nature to be awakened at four in the morning by the shout "Rah for Thieveland and Clerman!"

"CAN THERE be a more fearful shock," asks the *Evening Sun*, "than to awaken and find one's self a murderer?" Oh, yes. It is far worse to awaken and find one's self the party that has been knifed.

AFTER January 1st we shall have only æsthetic murderers in this state—those who want to be killed by electricity; but unhappily they won't apply that mercy to their victims.

THE STATEMENT of a New England paper that western policemen are church-members is the most absurd of all paradoxes; though, to be sure, they may have a new kind of church-member there.

GREAT FACT IN LAW—That a criminal lawyer may live high on thieves' money and give all his time and intellect to breaking the law, and yet that he should not be amenable to punishment the same as other professional law-breakers are.

CAUSE FOR HAUTEUR.

NEW BOARDER—"What a pompous looking man that Mr. Darby is; don't you think so?"

OLD BOARDER—"*Pompous!* I guess you'd look pompous if you'd captured the strawberry out of the short-cake for three successive days, the way he has!"

WE HAVE always thought that Shakespeare's plays were written by Daniel Dougherty of Pennsylvania, and that he should have had the chance to create the characters of them behind the footlights.

IT IS SAID that if tea and coffee were swept from the earth no one would miss them in a fortnight; but it would make such a boom for the other beverages that the saloon-keepers would all be rich and everybody else in greatly reduced circstances.

THE CLERGYMAN in politics is the precise man who ought to be out of it. Not that he hasn't the right to an opinion, a voice and a vote; but his judgment is so weak that you can't feel it, and his voice is so loud that it runs from his pulpit all around the world.

"DAMN" is not profanity. It may even in the heat of passion be vulgarity, however, and that is quite as bad. There are a thousand words in the language which mean the same thing and say it with entire propriety and more force, and how much better it is to use them.

JOE'S WIFE.

I AM feelin' mighty triflin'
An' right low-spereted;
An' ef I worn't sixty year,
'N' hed'nt this gray head,
I'd jes' turn in an' hev a cry
On yan four-posted bed.

W'en Laury Belle wuz married
I never shed a chear;
But nen she wuz a darter
An' got 'er settle near;
I knowed her man wuz stiddy
'N' I didn't seem to keer.

But Joe's a marryin' ternight,
My on'y boy—thet's Joe.
I sense right well I'm losin' him,
Thet's why I'm grievin' so;
It's 'bout like buryin' a son
Ter see him wed, ye know.

I'm sartin thet thar Susan Bates
'Ull set him 'ginst his maw;
I hev no grudge agin her,
Er wish ter pick a flaw;
I on'y jes' despise her
Ter be my darter-'n-law.

She's mighty cute an prutty—
I'm not gainsayin' sich;
Her skin is w'ite ez taller,
Her eyes ez black ez pitch—
An' ef she hedn't stole my Joe
I'd like the little witch.

She's hed a heap o' offers
I've heerd my darter say,
But never gin a shuck fer none
Till Joe stepped down her way;
'N' nen—but Joe's like me, an' I
Wuz harnsum in my day.

Awe well; I 'spose each mother
Is harried jes' like this—
It's playin' secon' fiddle
Thet makes us feel amiss;
I b'lieve I'll bafe my eyes 'n' go
An' gin thet gyurl a kiss.

EVA WILDER MC GLASSON.

NO CLOTHES, NO CLOTHES-PRESSES.

Mr. Lafitte Santvoord—"How many rooms have you made in your plans?"

Architect—"Fifteen."

Mr. Lafitte Santvoord—"How about the clothes-presses?"

Architect—"Here you will see one off every room."

Mr. Lafitte Santvoord—"Too many altogether. Two will be sufficient. I should have told you that my wife was a society leader."

AT OLD BOOK STALL, 1988.

"What have you in old bibles?"

"We have no call for what used to be known by that name in the effete nineteenth century. But we sell an unlimited number of these" (hands out a well thumbed volume labeled "*Mail and Express* Texts; choice early edition, with the good Shepard's notes, original changes and expurgations in full; also the list of his tabooed printing-office oaths alphabetically arranged").

WANTED TO KNOW HIS HEIRS.

"What makes you so fond of lawyers in the later days of your life?" was asked of an elderly gentleman of large estate.

"It's perfectly natural, isn't it," replied he, "that a man should want to know something about the persons who will fall into his property when he is gone?"

A SCHOOL-ROOM INCIDENT.

School teacher—"You read yesterday in your Cæsar, Master Burchell, that all Gaul was divided into three parts. What are those parts?"

Master Burchell (absently)—"Faith, hope and charity."

Success is often more ruinous than failure.

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

The highly colored and cheeky summer-resort advertisement,—

And its fulfilment.

HOW SHE DID IT.

A Rochester school-girl on being told to compare the adjective little, said: "Little, small, nothing-at-all!"

A COLORED VIEW OF PROTECTION.

Mr. Jackson—"I heah a pow'ful sight abo't dis yer doctrine ob free trade an' p'tection dat's 'sturbin' pol'tics dese days. Kin yo' tell me, Mistah Jenkins, w'at p'tection am?"

Mr. Jenkins—"Ob co'se I kin, Mistah Jackson, ob co'se I kin. Ef yo' war gwine out do's, an' hit rained hahd, an' yo' didn' take no umbrel, yo'd git soakin' wet, wudn' yo'?"

Mr. Jackson—"Yissah."

Mr. Jenkins—"An' ef yo' wah de pursessah ob an umbrel yo' ud be a fool ef yo' didn' use hit, wudn' yo'?"

Mr. Jackson—"Yissah."

Mr. Jenkins—"Well, sah, free trade ud hab jis' de rumytiz effeck on dis yer country dat a soakin' rain ud hab on yo'; an' p'tection am jis' de umbrel dat ud keep hit off."

EPITAPH.

Here lies my wife,
And for the best
Because it gives
Us both a rest.

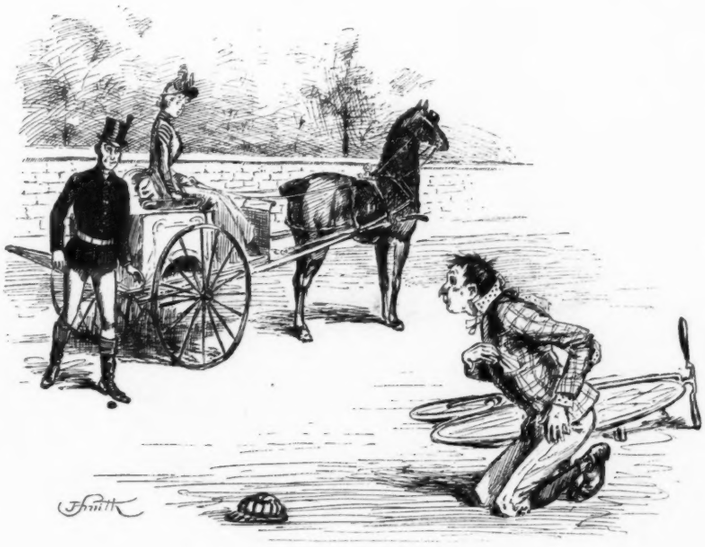
A REAL ARTIST.

Robinson and his wife were making plans for their summer outing.

"What do you say to the Catskills, my dear?" asked Mrs. R., who was always of an aspiring turn of mind.

"Nonsense, Julia! mountains always hide the landscape."

The worse failure we make of a thing the more convinced we often are of succeeding at it.



THOUGHT HE WAS ON HORSEBACK.

RECENT LADY ACQUAINTANCE (*anxiously*)—"Oh, I hope you are not hurt, Mr. Wheeler! How did it happen?"

MR. WHEELER (*who has just taken a "header" in the act of raising his cap*)—"No, I thank you. My wheel took fright at your turn-out. It's a little new, you know."

OBLIVION.

ALACK the day! upon a time, not many years agone,
Within the city of New York a little Smith was born.
He kicked and grew (as babies will) until one summer day
He found himself just twenty years upon life's stormy way.

And then began his troubles dire. He loved a little maid
Who would not marry him because "His name is Smith," she said.
"I do believe one half mankind bear that same appellation,
And though I love you, John, I must refuse your application."

The legislature would not change his name for such a whim.
"'Tis good enough for us," they said, "and good enough for him."
You see it happened—strange to say—they all were burdened with
The self-same name—that ancient name, the myriad name of Smith.

He vowed to travel far away to climes unknown before,
And Haggard-like explore their depths in search of fame and gore.
To many foreign lands he went, but wheresoe'er he came
He found some former voyager had carried there his name.

The dry-goods clerks in every land, the sailors on the ships,
When asked to tell their names they formed his name between their lips.
The merchants and the doctors, the nobles—yes, the kings,
Pronounced the magic name of Smith with varied mutterings.

A sadder and a weary man, he sought his native shores,
But scarcely had he put his foot on Castle Garden floors
When waiting for him stood the maid he loved so long ago;
She started back, then cried aloud in tones full-fraught with woe,

"If you had waited but one day I might have been your wife,
But just a year ago, dear John, I tied myself for life."
"What is your name?" John frantic cried. "This is a cruel myth."
With downcast eyes she answered low, "My name—my name—is Smith."

Five minutes later John was carried homeward in a hack,
And just five minutes after he lay dead upon his back.
The mourners at his grave were few. He was unknown to fame;
But on his tomb in bold relief they cut, "Smith was his name."

THOS. ABBE.

NOT A CIPHER, EITHER.

While Mr. Donnelly is tangling himself in a snarled cipher to prove that Mr. Bacon wrote Mr. Shakespeare's plays, let us prove it in a simple way.

Take the word "Hamlet." Consider that hamlet means a little ham. Consider again that ham is a correlative of bacon, and there you are. It's very easy when you know how.

GETTING IT DOWN FINE.

Johnnie was under a cloud. He had been given six lines to learn before lunch-time, with the proviso, no lines, no lunch.

The lunch-bell rang and his mother called Johnnie, who knew just one-third of his lesson.

"No lunch for you, my son, to-day!" was the maternal decision.

"Please, mamma," pleaded Johnnie, "can't I have two lines' worth?"

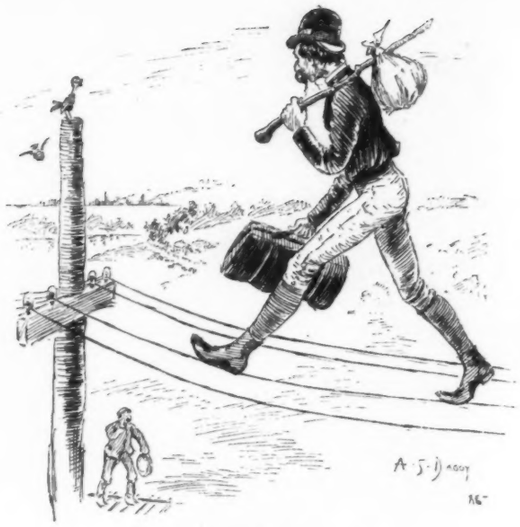
LACK OF EVIDENCE.

In a police court.

An old "rounder" was brought up charged with drunkenness.

"You were in a state of evident intoxication," remarked the magistrate.

"Not very 'evident,' your honor, for I didn't know a blessed thing about it myself."



COMING IN.

TELEGRAPH LINEMAN—"Hi there! What yer doin' up there?"
PROFESSOR ZINGALLA—"Don't git excited. I'm on my way home. Been walking slack-wire in Rubbins's circus, an' got stranded in last town."

PARENTAL PECCADILLOES.

Mr. and Mrs. Worriwell were discussing the failings of the new domestic. "Does Jemima's mother still pay her those frequent visits?" inquired Mr. Worriwell.

"Yes, dear; but in every case where depredations have been committed in the larder Jemima always has a plausible indictment of the cat. Now to-day she produced proof positive. She showed me the distinct marks of a paw."

"H'm!" skeptically murmured Mr. Worriwell. "Paw, eh? I confess I see unmistakable evidences of an insatiable maw."

THEATRICAL.

A popular play with impecunious actors—"Lend Me Five Shillings."

One of the recent operas is "The Queen's Mate." It ought to be popular with the chess-players.

"The School for Scandal"—The city boarding-house.

"Storm Beaten"—The door mat.

Joseph Jefferson's favorite remark—"Let her rip, Van Winkle!"

"A Dark Secret"—Box-office receipts.

Captain Bogardus ought to star in "The Dead Shot."

A good name for a play—"The Plaster." It would draw well.

"Turned Up" is the name of one of Nat Goodwin's plays. It has no reference either to his nose or his toes.

BUZZ SAWS.

Wealth changes a man more than age.

The wise man has as foolish dreams as the fool.

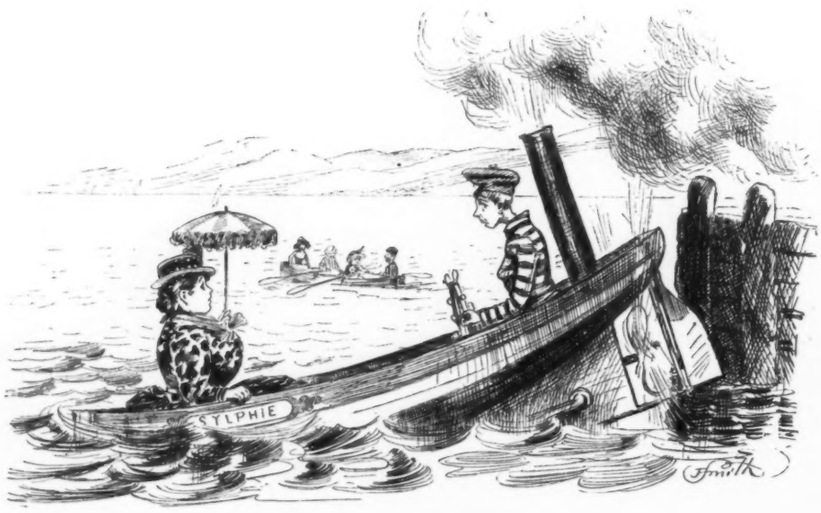
The man who trusts to luck can never be sure of anything.

The man who does you a favor never considers himself paid.

The more risky the undertaking the more sanguine we are of success.

The things we dream about are the farther off the nearer we get to them.

When a man asks another to give him a lift he always wants him to take the heavy end.



UNTRIMMED AQUATICS.

PARSHLEY (*who has bought one of those pretty little naphtha launches, and is endeavoring to make a trial trip with Miss Cohnfedd as a guest*)—"We don't seem to go very fast, but the machinery is a trifle stiff, you know."

THE PROPOSAL.

'TWUZ risin' ten, an' think, sez I,
If I'm a goin' ter pop ter night,
I'll hev ter hump myse'f an' try
Ter dress my langwige up in white.
With thet I kinder hetched my cha'r
A right smart closter up ter Nan,
An' hawked my th'oat o' sumthin' thar
Thet riz whenever I began.

'It's—purty middlin' dry fer June,"
Sez I, a sorter foolishly.
"'Tis so; an' 'thout it rains right soon
The garden sass'll wilt," sez she.

"Oh, Nan!" sez I, "no words kin tell
How much I lo—se if 'baccer fails!"
An' then I blessed myse'f a spell,
An' wisht thet I wuz splittin' rails.

"I wouldn't worry 'f I wuz you,"
Sez she, an' lookin' up right squar',
I seed her eyes so roun' an' blue
An' sumthin' else a shinin' thar!
I up an' ketched her by the han';
Sez I plumb out—"Now hyar I be
Ter take er leave—which is it, Nan?
Ye've got ter speak up p'intedly!"

E. W. M.

PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

MR. JOHNSING—"It am my opinyun dis horse hab African blood in him."
MR. WHITE—"What makes you think so, brudder?"
MR. JOHNSING—"Jest look at dem feet of his n. Reg'lar nigger feet like mine and yourn."

A FREAK OF "NATURE."

Jones takes a lively interest in his son's education, and endeavors to make the thorny road of knowledge as easy as possible.

He sometimes, however, feels himself "stumped" by certain apparent inconsistencies in nature.

"We know, my boy, that everything has been made with a wise purpose in the work of creation, but it always did puzzle me to understand why the best combs are made of tortoise-shell, when it is well-known that that animal has no hair, and therefore cannot possibly use them."

GONE BEFORE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Jones had just buried his "sainted Maria." Returning disconsolately from the funeral, he was saluted by his housekeeper:

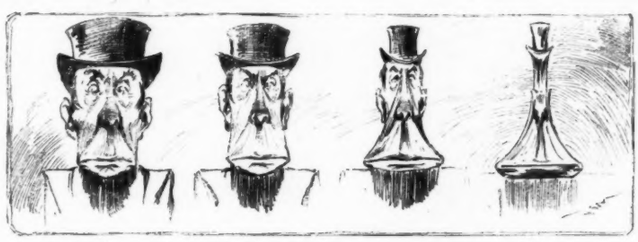
"Now, Mr. Jones, do sit down and have something to keep up your strength. If you don't eat how can you expect to be well? Here I've gone and cooked your favorite dish for you—pigeon and peas."

"Pigeon and peas, indeed! how cruel of you, my good woman, to be thinking of what I like, when she, poor thing, is lying out there alone! Just run around the corner and get me a dozen of oysters. That was her favorite dish."

PURITY ABOVE ALL ELSE.

Bagley (at Coney Island)—"Waiter, this beer is three-quarters foam."

Waiter—"Yes, sir; but see how pure the foam is!"



A family portrait handed down to the Democracy by the past generation of Tammany hall.

"Come! you're the man to understand—
Help me select a piece of land!"
He bought, but all the land he got
Had limit in a flower-pot.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

A once eloquent member of the house of representatives who had been re-elected to that body by his former constituents, after a lapse of years rose the other day to speak on some question of current interest. His figure was still imposing, and his gestures were appropriate, but his voice failed to reach the reporter's gallery.

"Poor fellow!" remarked one of the scribes sitting there; "he is like an ancient clock that still marks the time but has grown too old to strike."

A WARNING TO POETS.

Virgilius Scriblerus, whose poetical effusions adorn the inside pages of the New York *Weekly Grin*, applies for lodgings.

Motherly landlady—"Good gracious! can this be the little Phineas Oatcake I knew so long ago? How is everything up in Podunk?"

(And Virgilius secretly vows that in the future he will wear his hair like a civilized man.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

Boggs (meeting Von Baboony coming out of a book-store with a parcel under his arm)—"Why, this is quite a surprise, Algy; I didn't know that you were of a literary turn of mind."

Von Baboony—"Aw, you see a fellaw's got to follow the pwevailing cwaze, doncherknow, and so I've pawchased some polite literature—the Elite Directory and a Book of Etiquette."

HE SPOKE BEFORE HE THOUGHT.

Fond father (to his boy who has just returned from a year's absence at school)—"Well, how did you get along with your art studies? Can you draw well?"

Boy (absent mindedly)—"Draw well? Naw! Awful hard luck. Never filled a flush during the whole term."

THE IMPROVISED WINDOW-CLEANER.

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NO MARKET FOR PAUPER LABOR
REPUBLICAN PARTY.
REPUBLICAN PLATFORM

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO PLATFORMS.

Any good man can stand to win upon the firm and solid Republican Platform.

THE ANNOYED RABBIT; OR, "HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST."

1

2

3

EDITORS USUALLY SAY THEY ARE GOING TO.

Chicago little girl—"Mamma, is my new papa an editor?"
Chicago mamma—"Yes, Gertrude."
Chicago little girl—"Mamma, has he come to stay?"

SOMETHING IN CHECKS.

Gilded youth—"I want some pants, Mr. Tightfit. Have you anything in checks?"
Tailor (thinking of an amount overdue)—"Yes; have you?"

4

HIS NAME HIS MISFORTUNE.

Mabel—"No, Mr. Kidder; I can never be yours."

Kidder—"And is it thus you treat me, after leading me on to hope for your hand? But you need not think to escape without explaining the reason for refusing my love. Why will you not be mine?"

Mabel—"Because I cannot write a capital K to save my life."

When Cupid toward me turns his bow,
That's a pleasure that I know;
And I know the greatest bliss is
When he hits he makes the Mrs.

THE MAJOR PART.

Brown—"Major Smith says discretion is the better part of valor."

Jones—"So it is, in his case, at least."

Brown—"How so?"

Jones—"Because, if you subtract the discretion from Smith's valor nothing will remain."

6

7

8

A PROFESSIONAL DEBATE.

SCENE—Mrs. Painter Verboeckhoven's Salon. OCCASION—A reception.

The hostess (plumping right through the ice)—"You don't know how we enjoyed the intimate-friends' view of Mr. Behnes's 'Indian woman chasing a coyote,' my dear."

Chorus—"It was just too immaculately sweet for anything!"

Mrs. Sculptor Behnes—"And how just too irreproachably saccharine for you all to say so."

Behnes (under his breath)—"It's spread pretty thick, but it's got to go, I suppose."

Mrs. Banker Ouvrard—"Now that you speak of kyoties" (and Mrs. Verboeckhoven had to inwardly admit that she had pronounced it in that groove), "have any of you seen Doctor Cheselden's charming preparation of Captain Cook's wife's mummy from Honolulu?"

Mrs. Doctor Cheselden (promptly)—"I have."

Chorus—"Did you bring it?"

Mr. Doctor Cheselden (from way down in his depths)—"Wonder if that's a slur on the old lady's appearance."

Mrs. Lawyer Phillimore (stepping into the breach with an interrupting torpedo)—"O-o-h!"

Chorus—"Why, what *is* the mattah?"

Mrs. Lawyer Phillimore—"I've thought of a conundrum."

Chorus (augumented by masculine voices)—"How nice! What is it?"

Mrs. Lawyer Phillimore—"What did Captain Cook?"

Mr. Architect Hitorff (from the stern of the room, and speaking feebly)—"Rats."

Mrs. Architect Hitorff (who has craned froward far enough to see his mouth move)—"Isn't Claude witty?"

Chorus—"We haven't read it for so long, you know."

Mrs. Astronomer Albumazar—"I so much prefer 'Lucille' to such trash as 'Claude Duval;' don't you, Mrs. Verboeckhoven?"

Mr. Astronomer Albumazar (hissing)—"It's too bad for her to gimme away like that after all I've learned her of Dumass!"

Mrs. Banker Ouvrard—"William!"

Mr. Banker Ouvrard (who has had to be pulled away from the sherry-and-bitters in the Verboeckhoven den)—"Yes-s-s-s!"

Mrs. Banker Ouvrard—"Mrs. Verboeckhoven requests that you give an imitation of King Charles being led to execution."

(Mr. Banker Ouvrard lurches out of the room in a fever of bibulous rage).

Chorus—"How wonderfully true to life!"

Mr. Architect Hittorff (in the shadow of a thought, and significantly)—"*Still* life."

The Butler—"Supper is served, me leddy."

Chorus—"FROU, FROU, FRUE—frou, frou—frue—f—e." (And the portiere fell to again leaving the room in silence and——

J. S. G.

Young wife—"John, mother says she wants to be cremated."

Young husband—"Tell her if she'll get on her things I'll take her down this morning."—*San Francisco Call.*

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"The persistence of **ITCHING** is peace-destroying and exhausting to the vital powers."

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A man has just been poisoned by eating a nutmeg. If people will only confine themselves to the fresh ones of modern make, made of basswood, there is no danger; but so long as they will monkey with the old-fashioned, stale varieties made by nature, they must expect to suffer the consequence.—*Dansville Breeze.*

"AFTERNOON TEA."

Said Mrs. G. to Mrs. D.
('Twas o'er a cup of fine Bohea):
"Our pretty hostess yonder
Has gained in looks surprisingly;
She seems as well as well can be!
What is the cause I wonder."

Said Mrs. D. to Mrs. G.,
"She's changed indeed; but then, you see,
She put aside objection,
And tried that famous remedy,
Which did so much for you and me—
Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

For biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, there is no remedy equal to Dr. Pierce's Little Pellets.

The very poor and the very rich can afford to keep dogs.—*Drake's Magazine.*

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A SPECIMEN LETTER.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., May 26, 1888.

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Enclosed you will find two dollars for six months' subscription to the JUDGE. Aside from the political significance of its cartoons, of which it is of almost incalculable value in a closely contested campaign, I consider it the most humorous paper published. I think I have scarcely ever seen any of your illustrations that are really "flat," and with some publications the reverse is true. Yours, etc., WILLIAM H. JORDAN.

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Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality **Gold Pen.** Stylo. $1; Fountain, $1.50 and up. **J. ULRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.**

Mrs. Gertrude Garrison, formerly of the American Press Association, is devoting herself wholly to literary work, and one of her best efforts is the story of "The Wrong Man," in the July number of Belford's Magazine.

IN JUNE.

The hot June sun comes pouring down,
The grass is burned from green to brown,
Man seeks the shade,
And, disregarding doctors' rules
Against cold draughts, his throat he cools
With lemonade.

The boy out in the broiling sun
Can play base-ball, and leap, and run,
And mind it not;
But when his mother just suggests
An errand—whew! how he protests!
It is so hot!

His sister dons her muslin dress,
And, conscious of her loveliness
Without a doubt,
Within the swaying hammock lies;
When Edward calls her blushes rise—
She can't get out.

And so we know 'tis leafy June,
"When fields and flowers are all in tune,"
And days are "rare,"
The poet says; although they're not,
They're quite well-done, and sizzling hot—
Poets don't care.

—*Somerville Journal.*

We have from the JUDGE Publishing Company the first number of JUDGE'S YOUNG FOLKS. It is not a comic paper, but a monthly journal for children. The illustrations are in colors. The publishers say: "It is intended to make the YOUNG FOLKS a thoroughly refined and high-class publication for boys and girls, and in doing so to entirely exclude from its columns all matter whether of a literary or pictorial character which has the slightest tinge of sensationalism." The number in our hands is a praiseworthy specimen. The young folks will enjoy it. Mrs. Jennie T. Wandle is the editor and Miss Ella Starr associate editor of the new periodical.—*N. Y. Observer.*

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5 H. H. Warner & Co., **do not cure everything from one bottle,** they having a specific for each important disease. **Fight shy** of any preparation which claims infallibility.

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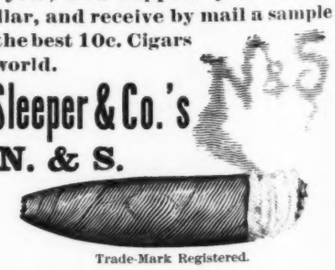

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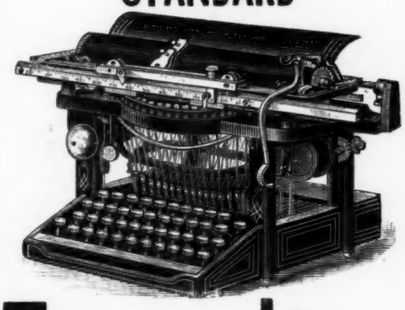

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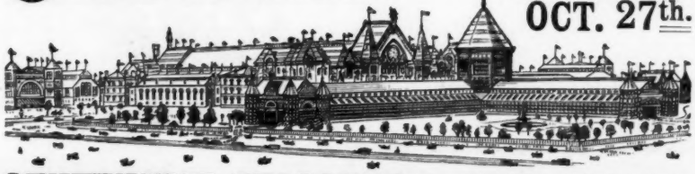

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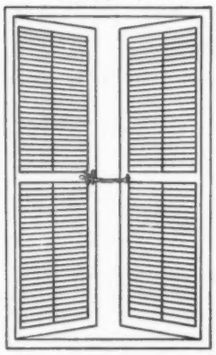

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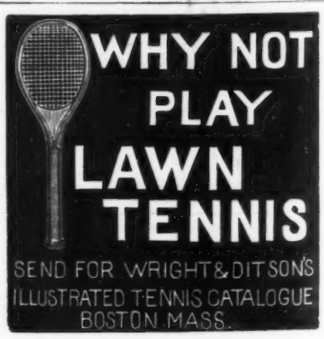

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